

# **Cousin Pelvis Makes the Scene**

**Written & Illustrated  
by  
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Baggy Gator sat in his easy chair waiting for his nephew, Little Nipper, to go out and get the mail. Baggy thought he was taking just a little too long to do it. He opened the front door to call for Nipper.

Boooooosh! He got hit with a gush of water that would drown even a gator.

“Sorry, unca Baggy,” yelled Nipper. “I thought I’d hook up the sprinkler while I was out here, and I guess it got outa hand.” He finished and ran past Baggy into the house.

Baggy was dripping wet as he went back inside. He toweled off and returned to his easy chair to read the mail.

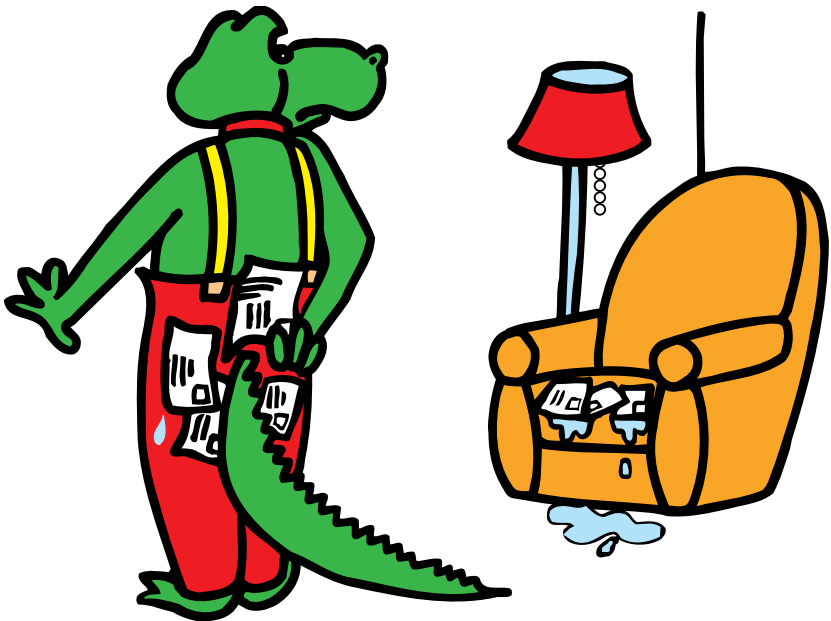
“Where’s the mail, Nipper?” shouted Baggy.

“It’s in a pile —” yelled Nipper, from his bedroom.

Baggy sat down and felt a very wet squooosh.

“— on your easy chair. Don’t sit down yet, unca Baggy!”

Baggy stood up and began peeling the wet envelopes off the back of his pants.



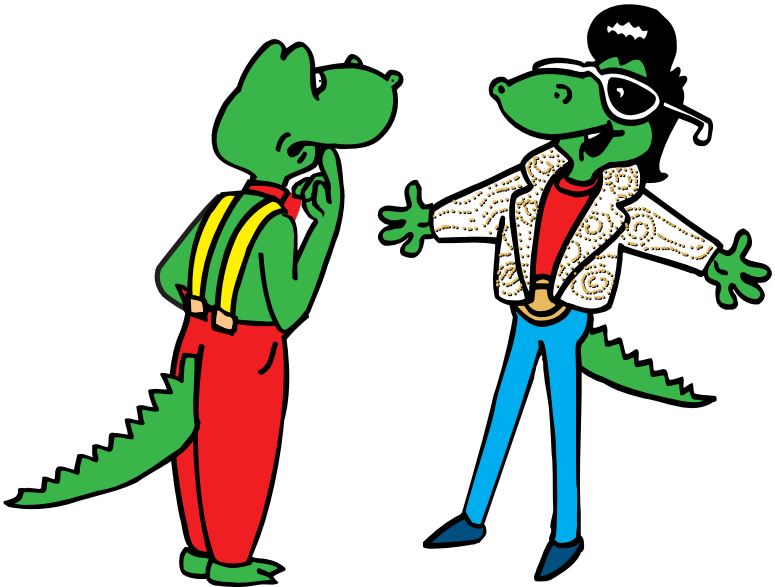
Through the dripping wet ink on the envelopes, he could almost make out who the letters were from. He was hoping for news from his sister, Snipper, who was still trying to do a second honeymoon with her husband, Biff. Baggy was taking care of his nephew, Little Nipper, while they did. He hoped they were finished and would come take Nipper off his hands.

There was no news from Snipper. It looked as if Nipper was getting to be a permanent fixture around the Baggy household. He saw a letter that stood out from all the bills he was avoiding.

It was from his cousin Pelvis, the Rock 'n' Roll singer. He opened it with curiosity and read. Pelvis said he was on a music tour and that he'd drop by while he was in town. That was all Baggy could read. The rest of the letter was a sea of wet ink running down the page. To know more, Baggy would just have to wait and see if Pelvis showed up or not.

He didn't have to wait long. There was a knock at the front door. Baggy opened the door, and heard, "Hey, hey, cousin Baggy! Long time, no see." It was cousin Pelvis.

"Oh, well, hey there, Pelvis. Come on in," said Baggy, motioning to the door. "Always glad to see my reptile relations."



Pelvis followed him into the living room.

Baggy called out through the house. “Oh, Nipper! Come say hi to your cousin Pelvis. He’s here for a visit.”

“Oh boy!” Nipper shouted from his bedroom, and came running into the living room.

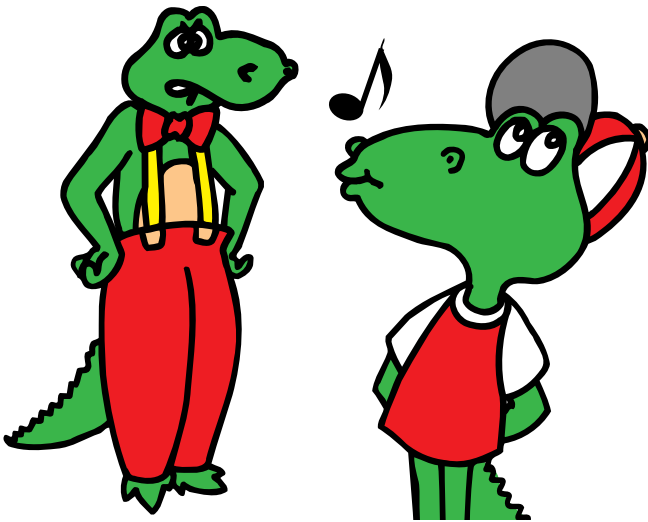
“Hey, cousin Pelvis! I’ve heard all about you.” Nipper ran over and began shaking his hand.

“Thank you very much,” said Pelvis. “You really make a gator feel welcome, Baggy. I just know I’m gonna enjoy my stay while I’m here.” He continued smiling and shaking Nipper’s hand.

Baggy blinked twice at this statement. “Your stay?” he said.

“Yeah, cousin Baggy, didn’t you read my letter?” asked Pelvis.

Baggy glanced over at Nipper who was whistling and trying to act innocent.



“I need to have a place to stay while I get my act together. I’m on to something big, Baggy,” said Pelvis. “Real big.”

“Awww, gee, let him, unca Baggy,” begged Nipper.

“Well, uh...sure,” replied Baggy. “I’ve got plenty of room here...I think. OK, cousin Pelvis, consider yourself a guest.”

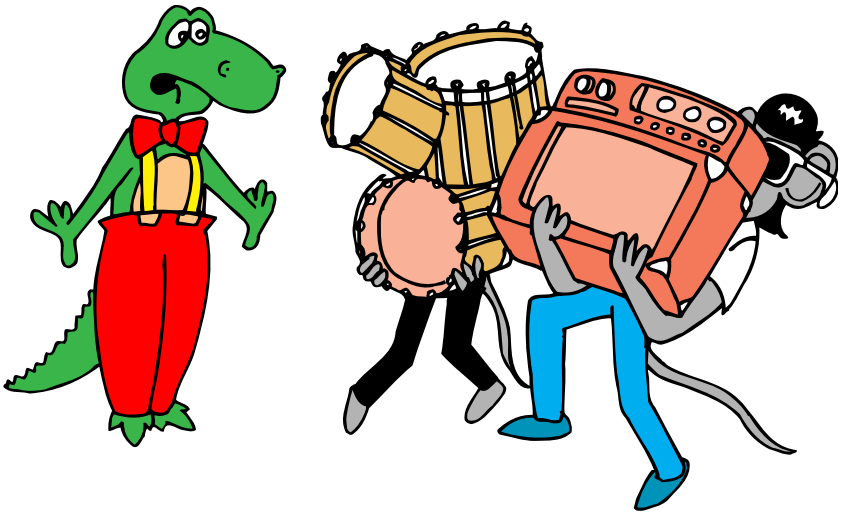
Pelvis ran over to Baggy and began shaking his hand vigorously.

“Aw, gee, cousin Baggy, that’s awfully swell of you, and you’ll never regret it. Never. I promise. Can I bring all my stuff in?”

“Sure,” said Baggy. “My house is your house. Bring in what you brought with you.”

Pelvis ran to the door and yelled, “Alright, guys, it’s cool. We stay at cousin Baggy’s. Bring everything inside.”

There was cheer of “Huray!” from outside. Then, three musicians began loading instruments and amplifiers through the front door, into the living room.



Pelvis started showing them where to set up their equipment. Baggy watched in wonder as they tramped by. Finally, he spoke.

“Uh, cousin Pelvis. I don’t mean to be a party poop, but there’s a question I have to ask.”

“Go ahead and ask, cousin Baggy,” replied Pelvis.

“What is all this? And who are these guys?” yelled Baggy.

“Oh, this is part of my act. This is my backup band, the Rock-a-billy Rats. Like I told you, I’m here to get my act together, big, cousin Baggy. Real big. And they’re part of it.”

“You told him to bring all his things inside,” reminded Nipper.

“Oh...yeah...I did, didn’t I? Hmmm,” mumbled Baggy.

“Allow me to introduce my band,” said Pelvis. “On stand-up bass is Stretch. Frets is on guitar, and Slammer on drums.”



The Rock-a-billy Rats turned and waved to Baggy and Nipper, then went back to setting up their equipment. Baggy nodded back with a weak smile, and continued to watch his living room being turned into a recording studio.

Nipper was glad all this was happening. Slammer was letting him bang a drumstick on the snare drum, and he was quite good.

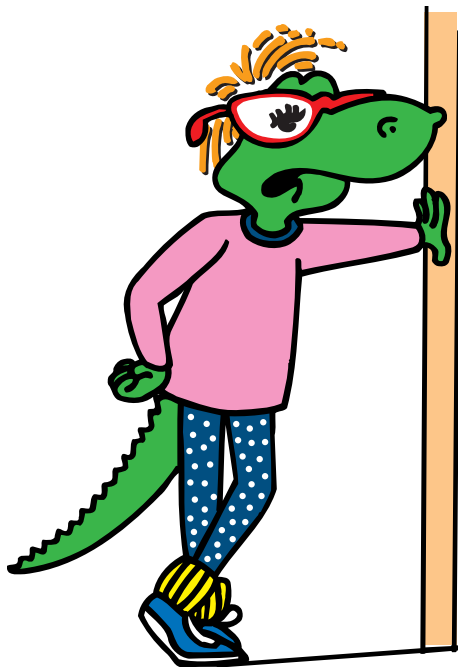
“Hey, look, unca Baggy,” shouted Nipper over the noise of the beating drum. “I’m gonna be a drummer. I’m gonna be a drummer when I grow up!”

“Yeah, great,” said Baggy, who didn’t have much enthusiasm for what he’d got himself into.

There was knock on the front door. Baggy began trying to get through the cords, wires, instruments, and amplifiers to answer it.

When he finally got to the door, he saw his best buddy, Lillia DiValli, dressed in her usual 1960’s styled clothing.

She was leaning against the doorway, looking a little impatient. “Oh, don’t hurry on my account, Baggy. I was beginning to enjoy standing out here waiting for you to answer the door,” she said.



Through the open door, Lillia could see why Baggy had taken so long. She saw and heard the equipment as the musicians tuned up. There was a puzzled look on her face.

“And what, may I ask, is all this?” she inquired.

Baggy turned to look at his living room, then back to Lillia. “Oh, you noticed,” he said.

“Noticed?” Lillia yowled, “How could I miss it? What are you doing, fulfilling your dream of being a rock superstar?”

She followed Baggy into his musical living room.

“Cousin Pelvis,” shouted Baggy, over the noise, “I want you to meet my best buddy, Lillia DiValli.”

“Pleased to meet you, ma’am. This is my band — Stretch, Slammer and Frets.” They all nodded and kept working.

“Uh, pleased to meet you,” said Lillia.

Little Nipper ran up to Lillia. “Hi, aunt Lillia,” he cheered. “Guess what? I’m gonna be a drummer!”

He accented this by banging on the snaredrum three times — bam, bam, bam — making Baggy flinch with each bam.



Lillia saw Baggy roll his eyes in frustration. “Oh, that’s great, Nipper. I’ll bet your uncle Baggy is thrilled, too,” she said, looking at Baggy. “Isn’t that right?”

“Huh? Oh, yeah, sure, anything Nipper wants,” replied Baggy.

“So, Pelvis, what are you rehearsing for?” asked Lillia.

“We’re hoping to make it big, ma’am,” said Pelvis. “We’ve been told that if a band appears on Empty Vee, millions of people will see ’em and want their records.”

“Empty Vee, the music channel on TV?” asked Nipper.

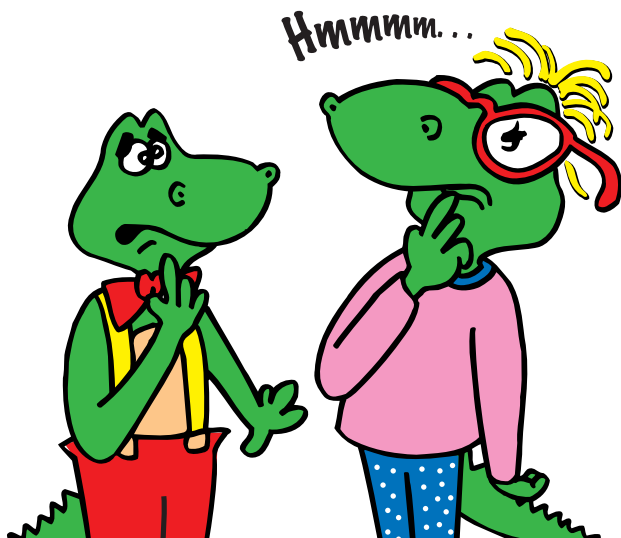
“There’s one and only one Empty Vee, Nipper,” said Lillia. “Yes, if you made it on Empty Vee, you’d be a hit, no doubt. Your fortunes would be made.”

“Yes, ma’am, that’s what we’re hoping for,” said Pelvis.

Lillia’s brows furrowed in a thoughtful look. She scratched her chin and said, “Hmmm.”

Baggy stopped what he was doing. When Lillia says “Hmmm,” it spells no good for certain gators; Baggy Gator in particular.





“Do you have an agent?” asked Lillia.

“No, ma’am. No agent,” said Pelvis.

“Hmmm,” repeated Lillia, thoughtfully. Her eyebrows began to raise, as if she was getting one of her Lillia ideas.

Baggy could see where things were heading. He quickly took Lillia by the arm and tried to turn her to go to the door.

“Well, sorry you have to be going, Lillia. Do come again. Be sure to write or send a postcard. See you later, gator...”

Lillia rooted her feet to the floor, and jerked her arm away from Baggy’s grip. “Baggy Gator!” she yelled, stopping him in his tracks.

Baggy gulped hard. “Uh, yeah?” he answered.

“Your cousin needs some assistance,” said Lillia.

“But, I’m broke,” said Baggy, pulling his pockets inside out.

“Not money. He and his band need an agent,” insisted Lillia.

“But, I’ve never been an agent,” said Baggy.

“Not you, silly. Me. I’m talking about me. I’ve decided to be his agent,” said Lillia. “There’s got to be a way to get Empty Vee’s attention. Then they’d want him on their show and, zowie, success will be theirs.”

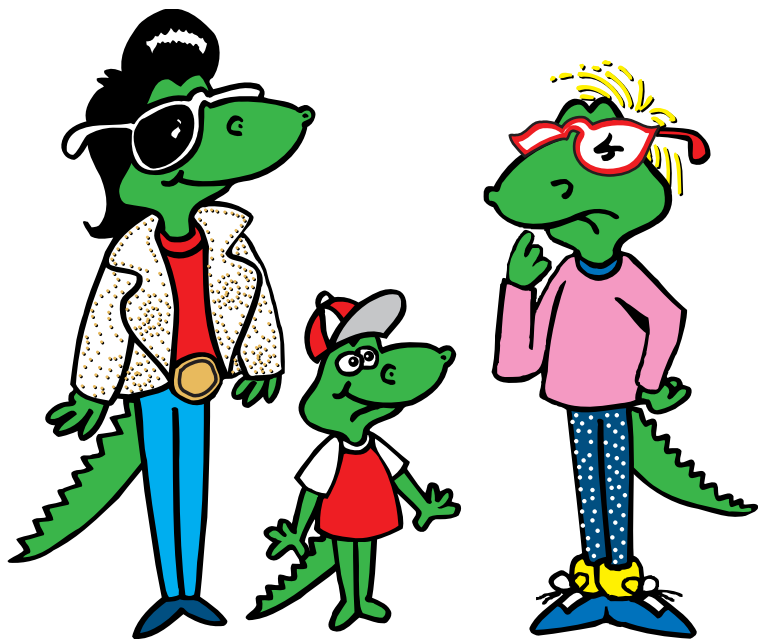
“That’s a swell idea, aunt Lillia,” said Nipper. “You’ll be a great agent.”

“We’re all for it, ma’am,” said Pelvis. He and the Rock-a-billy Rats were all nodding their heads excitedly.

“First things first,” said Lillia. “We need to get the attention of Empty Vee. We have to invent a fantastic publicity stunt that will get you some notice.”

“And what is that going to be?” said Baggy, a little doubtful.

As she was thinking of an answer, Lillia stared at Little Nipper as he stood next to Pelvis.



Suddenly, she was struck with an idea. She clapped her hands together and yipped, “OK, I’ve got it!”

“Got what?” asked Baggy.

“The quickest way to get Pelvis known is to invent a wild story that makes nationwide news, complete with pictures,” said Lillia. “Picture this headline. ‘Singer Shrinks After Drinking Potion.’”

“But, he hasn’t shrunk,” complained Baggy.

“Well, give him time,” said Lillia, “he will. We’ll dress Little Nipper up like Pelvis and who’s to know?”

“Oh, I see...well, then I’m for it,” said Baggy, with some relief. At least it was a Lillia scheme that, for once, didn’t include him.

“Good,” remarked Lillia. “I’m glad you’re for it, because that’s where you come in.”

“What?” shouted Baggy. “Now, wait a minute. I don’t even know what it is I’m supposed to do.”

“Well, if you’ll be quiet for two seconds,” said Lillia, “I can tell you what it is. We need a mad scientist who makes the potion. You, Baggy Gator, are that mad scientist.”

Lillia walked over to Pelvis and laid her hand sympathetically on his shoulder. “Or, are you, Baggy Gator, backing out on helping...” She sniffed to make her point. “...your own cousin?”

“Well...,” groaned Baggy. There was a long pause of silence as everyone in the room looked at him with sad eyes.



Well..., alright,” he said.

“Hurray!” everyone cheered.

Pelvis ran over to Baggy and began shaking his hand again. “Baggy, you’ve always been my favorite cousin. My very favorite. All I can say is just...thank you very much.”

Baggy gulped hard and stood there in disbelief. He was in.

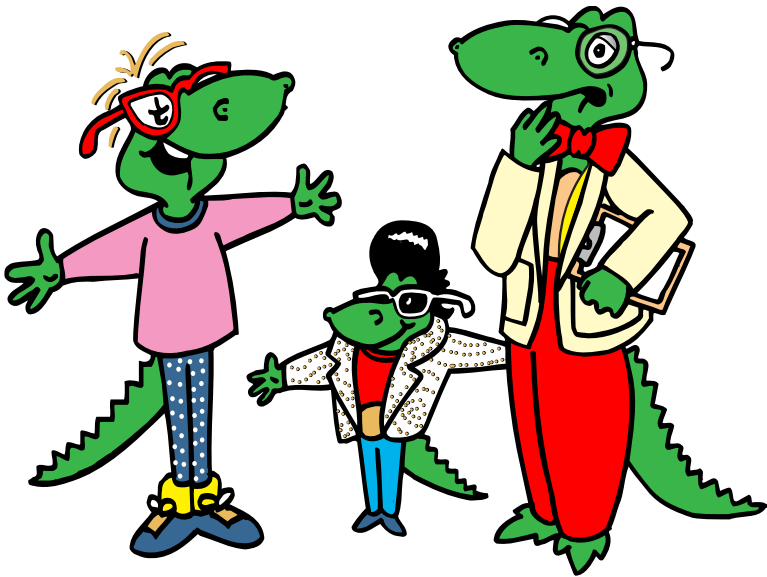
Lillia, in her new role as agent, began putting the plan together. "Alright, Nipper, we need to get you a jacket, some pants, and sunglasses like Pelvis," she said. "Baggy, we need to get you a lab coat, and some wire-rim glasses to make you look like something you aren't."

"Oh, you mean a scientist?" said Baggy, grinning.

"No...smart," giggled Lillia.

Soon, the costumes were put together.

"Ta-daa!" cheered Lillia, and there stood Nipper the miniature Pelvis look-alike, and the mad scientist, Baggy Gator.



"I'm going to call the newspaper and tell them that your mysterious potion has shrunk Pelvis to midget size," said Lillia.

She picked up the phone and began dialing.

Later, both the newspaper writer and photographer waved goodbye as they left Baggy's house. Lillia told them the story of Pelvis shrinking. She also asked that they mention Baggy's phone number,



in case anyone knew of a way that would bring Pelvis back to normal size.

They shot several photos of Baggy the mad scientist, and Little Nipper dressed as Pelvis. That afternoon, the story, along with a photo, covered the front page of the local newspaper, the Daily Growl.

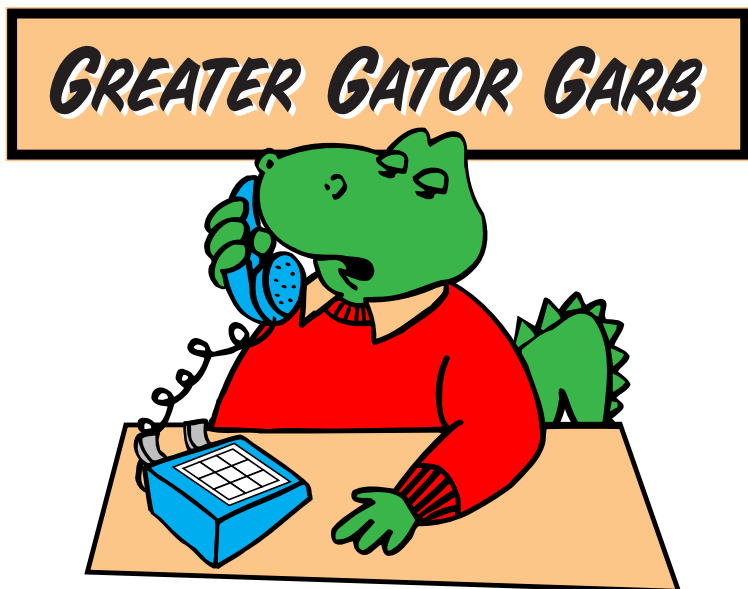
Everyone sat around Baggy's living room, looking at the newspaper.

"Baggy," said Lillia, "you look like someone who just sat on a porcupine."

"Well, I wasn't expecting the bright camera flash," said Baggy. "It caught me off guard."

Suddenly, the phone rang. "That might be Empty Vee, asking about Pelvis," said Lillia, who jumped up to answer it. "Hello," she chirped. "Lillia DiValli speaking. Agent for Pelvis, how may I help you?"

“Uh, yes, Lillia, this is Ollie Gator, president of Greater Gator Garb. I read this really neat story in the newspaper about Pelvis shrinking.”



“Yes, go on,” said Lillia, her eyes brightening. Everyone in the room looked at her, wondering who she was talking to.

“We’ve come out with a new line of kid’s apparel this year. Gator Booties, Gator Neck shirts,” continued Ollie, “and our advertising campaign needs a singer to do our new commercials for us. Do you think Pelvis would consider doing this.”

“You bet your Booties, Ollie,” exclaimed Lillia. “Where does he go to do it?”

Ollie Gator told her to have Pelvis and his band down at his manufacturing plant the next morning, at 10:00.

“We’ll be there,” said Lillia, and hung up the phone. She turned to everyone and yelled “wa-hooooo!”

“And what does wa-hooooo mean?” asked Baggy.

“It means we need to get Little Nipper ready to sing a song. That was the Greater Gator Garb clothing company, and they want Pelvis to sing a commercial for them. When that commercial hits

nationwide television — wowie — Empty Vee has to see it.”

“But, I can’t sing as good as Pelvis,” said Nipper.

“You don’t have to,” reassured Lillia. “You’re going to lip-sync it, while Pelvis sings into a microphone, hidden off stage.”

“You mean I just move my lips like I’m singing, and Pelvis does the rest?” asked Nipper.

“Yes, now we need a little rehearsal,” said Lillia. “Pelvis, why don’t you and the Rock-a-billy Rats rehearse one of your songs, and Nipper, you bounce around and move your lips. Let’s see what happens.”

The Rock-a-billy Rats grabbed their instruments, and Pelvis took hold of the microphone. They began with “My name is Pelvis.”

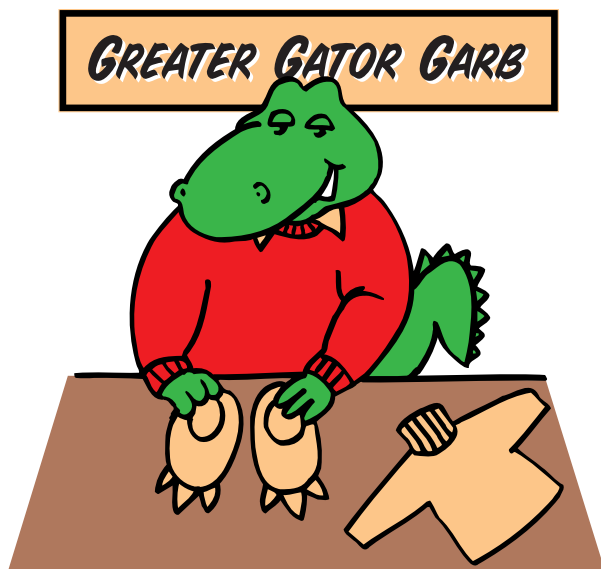


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The next day they all met at the Greater Gator Garb clothing company. Nipper was dressed up as Pelvis, Baggy had on his lab coat and glasses. Pelvis dressed casual, and pretended to be the band’s equipment mover.

“Come right in, come right in,” cheered Ollie Gator, happily. “I’m really glad to see you all.”

They all went into a big meeting room. On the table was an assortment of gator clothes. Ollie picked up two items and said, “Here’s what we need you to sing about. Start with Gator Booties and our new Gator Neck shirt.”



“Gator Neck?” inquired Lillia.

“If turtles can have turtle neck shirts, our clothes are made for gators,” said Ollie.

Lillia agreed that this was true. She handed the Gator Booties to Nipper, who put them on. “Wow! They’re warm,” he said.

Ollie got up and went to the door. “I’ll leave you all alone to write the song,” he said. “Just buzz for me when you’re ready.”

When he had gone, Pelvis breathed a sigh of relief. “Now we can get down to business,” he said. “I’ll start scribbling down some lyrics. Frets, Slammer, Stretch, you work on the music.”

Soon, they were finished, and Lillia pushed the buzzer on the phone to bring Ollie back. They told him they were all ready to do the commercial. Ollie led them to another part of the factory where the camera crew was waiting to film the commercial.



Little Nipper was wearing the Gator Neck shirt and Gator Booties. Pelvis hooked up an extra microphone that was located behind a screen, where he would be doing the actual singing. The music started and they began filming the commercial.

Baggy was amazed at all that was going on. He was mostly amazed at what a natural performer Little Nipper had turned out to be. He took to the lip-synching, and bounced around in his gator garb, looking as if he had been doing this for years.



Soon, the commercial was filmed. Ollie Gator shook everyone's hands and remarked that he knew the Gator Booties were going to be a "really big shoe."

They all packed up their equipment and headed back to Baggy's to rest from all the excitement. Their rest didn't last long. The phone rang and Lillia jumped up to answer it.

After listening to the caller, Lillia said, "Uh, we'll just have to wait and see. Thanks anyway. Bye."

"Who was it?" asked Baggy.

"Ripley's Believe It or Not," replied Lillia. "They want the Shrunken Pelvis for their museum."

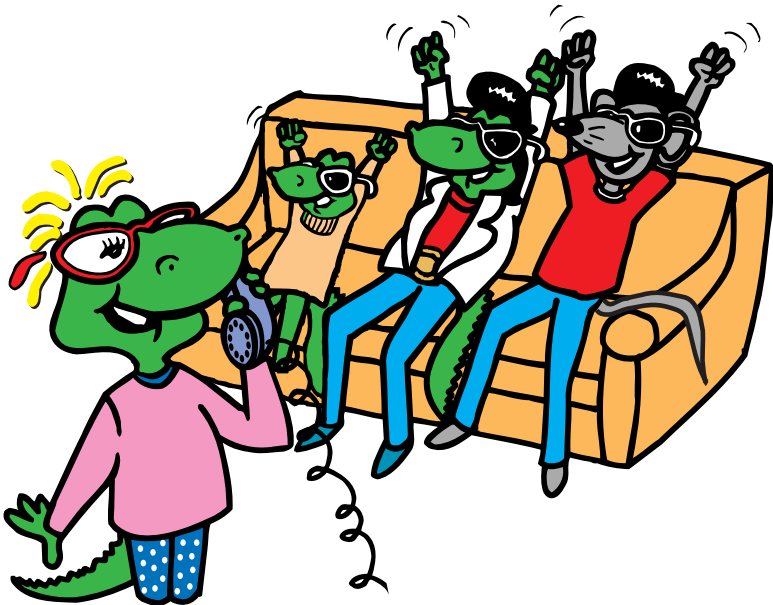
"I'll go, I'll go," cheered Nipper, and began doing his Gator Booties dance around the living room.

"You're not old enough, Nipper" said Baggy, shaking his head. "Besides, your mom might not like it if she came back to find you stuffed and in a museum."

The phone rang again, and Lillia answered it. She cupped the phone and whispered, "It's Empty Vee!"

She then spoke to the caller. "Well, yes, Pelvis can come to your corporate offices to discuss plans for..." Lillia looked at everyone and said slowly, "...his own television show!"

Everyone clenched their fists in an "Alright! Success!" gesture.



The most relieved gator in the room was Baggy. He was glad to have his house back to himself and get some peace and quiet. The next day, Pelvis and the Rock-a-billy Rats were packed up and waving good-bye as they drove off.

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It was several weeks later that Baggy began wondering about Pelvis, and how his meeting with Empty Vee went.

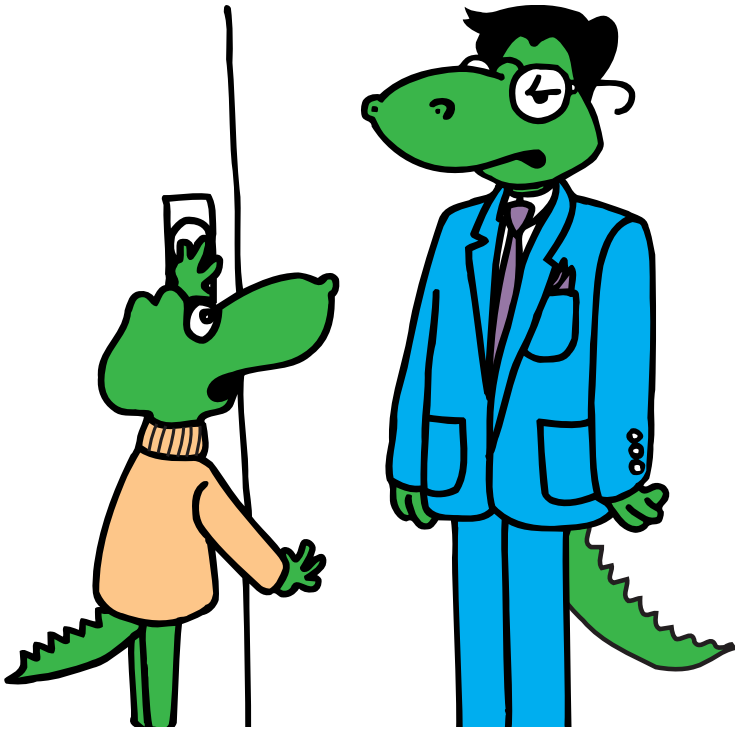
Nipper came bouncing through the living room, wearing the Gator Neck shirt and Gator Booties that were given to him.

“Nipper,” said Baggy, “have you or Lillia heard from Pelvis? I wonder how he’s doing, and when his television show is going to appear.”

“I’ll check the mail, unca Baggy,” said Nipper, who opened the front door and saw a strange gator standing there, about to knock.”

“Uh...hello,” said Nipper.

“Nipper,” said the gator, “don’t you recognize me?”



It was Pelvis. Nipper’s mouth hung wide open as he followed him into the house.

“Hello, cousin Baggy,” said Pelvis.

Baggy was as amazed as he could be. “Pelvis?” he said. “What happened? I thought you and your band were going to be on Empty Vee.”

“Oh, that,” said Pelvis, shaking his head. “They wanted me, all right, but they wanted me the size of Little Nipper. I told them your potion had worn off, and that more couldn’t be made, because you didn’t write down the formula.”

“So, what’s happened since then?” asked Baggy.

“Ollie Gator contacted me, and offered me a job as Entertainment Director in his company. Children’s clothes are big business, Baggy. Real big. For once, I’m making a steady salary, and doing quite well,” said Pelvis, straightening his tie.

He looked at his watch and gasped, “Oh no! My business appointment. I’ve got to get going, Baggy. Give my thanks to Lillia and Little Nipper. I have to run. Bye.” Pelvis flew out the door, jumped into his car and sped off.

Nipper and Baggy looked at each other and shrugged their shoulders as Pelvis drove off.

“Well, Nipper,” said Baggy, “do you know what I say?”

“No, what do you say, unca Baggy?”

“I say — it just goes to show you... it takes all kinds to make a swamp!”

“How true, unca Baggy, how very true.”

The End?

